III. The Legend Of Japheth

The waters had fallen,

but the earth was still sick.

She shivered beneath her new skin,

her bones creaking where they had cracked.

The land was still drifting apart —

continents

sliding like fevered limbs seeking rest.

Volcanoes

coughed smoke

into the newborn sky,

trying to warm a world that had lost its pulse.

But the ash

gathered like blankets instead,

dimming the sun,

turning warmth into shadow.

The seas steamed in mourning,

the air turned gray,

and the light that once danced on waves

grew faint as a memory.

Then came the long sigh—

the first breath of winter.

Snow fell not as beauty,

but as medicine for a wounded world.

The mighty beasts trembled.

Their hearts still burned

with the heat of the old sun,

but the cold crept deeper each dawn.

Their roars grew quiet,

and their tracks had faded under the ice.

And Japheth

wandered through the cold

whitening silence,

a trailblazer of fire

now learning to walk

among the Mighty of the frost.

Japheth sat in the cold

wandering amongst the snow

which he had never seen before

at first

he believed he had met beauty

heaven on earth

but the cold was too fierce

and there was no where left to go

he dug into the snow

carved himself a hidden shelter

and he whispered,

“Is this what survival looks like?

Waiting?”

He gathered stones and timber.

He wanted to build something that proved gratitude,

that proved faith,

that proved he was worthy.

———

So Japheth journeyed north—

through the fog,

the fractured valleys, and the new ice.

He carried the blueprints of the ark

in his memory,

each beam and curve etched into his dreams.

He said to his tribe:

“The Lord saved us once with an ark.

We shall build one again—

for the coldness

and the brokenness of this earth !”

Sons and Daughters yelled in Unison

ready for war and battle

their bodies began to morph within the cold

Their bodies thickened.

Their faces grew broader,

their bones heavy like stone.

and they had begot a new temple

They became the Frostborn Tribes

Wolves of the Northern Lights

neanderthals to the world

but sons of Noah in secret.

They fought the beasts of the thaw—

mammoths that shook the ground,

saber-toothed kings whose eyes burned like winter suns.

Each battle was for hunger,

A hunger for remembrance.

Every strike was a War cry

a Yell to the warmth they had lost.

Fast

Ambitious

and hungry for Self redemption

They built shelters from mammoth bone,

fires from frozen sap,

But as the ages turned,

their tongues grew slow,

their songs shorter.

Words turned to grunts,

and faith to instinct.

They forgot the Ark,

but still carved its shape in bone and ice,

no longer knowing why.

And Japheth’s hands—once steady

—began to shake.

———

One morning

Japheth saw a shape move beyond the frost.

A bear

massive,

ancient,

its breath rising like smoke from a furnace.

His sons fled,

but Japheth stayed.

“Come then,” he said,

This is what i was meant for

I have built walls against the wind,

you are only flesh.”

The bear rose on two legs.

So did he.

For a moment,

creation faced its own reflection.

then They Clashed

Fought

and wrestled within the cold

fury meeting faith,

muscle meeting exhaustion.

The beast fell,

and so did Japheth.

He laid beside it,

his spear splintered,

his breath shallow.

He realized he had not just fought a bear.

He had fought the need to prove himself.

Then the wind changed.

He reached out his hand,

and felt the creature’s warmth fading into his own.

The mountain kept their silence,

on the Battle Of Japheth

and whispered a new name

for the Mighty beast that stood within the Cold

Japheth had defeated the short faced giant

The Yeti

A guardian of the Ancient frost

The Great Bear of the North

but Japheth

was filled with grief

for he had saw a mirror of himself

A guardian

with no relief

---

his wounds turned to scars,

and his family were stone cold

Japheth decided to leave it all

he pack his bags and return to the south

with a warm soft heart

He found the lands of Shem,

where fields were gentle

and men still prayed before they labor.

Shem saw him and rejoiced,

he said

“Brother, You’re back!”

and he reached him with open arms

Shem said nothing

he knew all he needed

was warmth from the Cold war

his clothes filled with fur were replaced

with the warmth of linen

and fire within the caves

He sat beside Shem

They watched the horizon again

Two Cavemen

with two sets of grief

The earth was still breaking,

but inside Japheth

the cracking had stopped.

Shem looked at Japheth and said

“remember the day when Ham caught Papa in the tent?”

Japheth: “yeah i remember”

Shem : “I guess he was right all along”

Japheth struggled to understand

then he remembered

and blinked

he looked back at the horizon

without a word from his lips

he smiled

And from then on,

he built no forge

he dwelled

and served

with many stories of men that he told

To Shem and his family

From that day

Japheth

became the first Prodigal Son of the Lord

welcomed with fire and warmth

to tell the story of the bear,

of the cold,

and of the God

who enlarges

not through empire

but through surrender.